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NO. 152.

DRIVEN FROM HOME.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES, AND EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS
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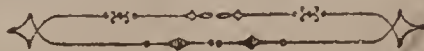
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DRIVEN FROM HOME,
OR,
A FATHER'S CURSE,
A Domestic Drama,
IN FOUR ACTS,
BY
H. H. DUNN,

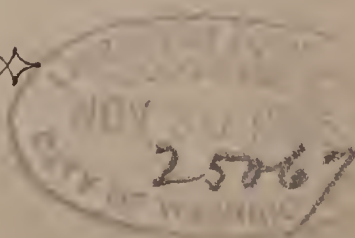
With the exits and entrances, positions of the performers on the stage, and the whole of the stage business carefully marked, from the author's original manuscript.



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DRIVEN FROM HOME: OR, A FATHER'S CURSE.

—o—

Cast of Characters as produced at Waukegan, Wisconsin.

JOHN BROWN, (*a farmer*).....P. M. Parker.
SQUIRE HALFORD, (*a banker*).....Will Dunn.
DAVID JACKSON, (*a banker, alias Ned Blackmar, the Yankee
Detective*).....Herb Dunn.
FRANK BROWN, (*the farmer's son*).....Will Inman.
JIM BRADLEY, (*a desperate burglar*).....Dr. W. C. Roberts.
POLICEMAN,C. Miller.
PEGGY, (*the farmer's wife*).....Jennie Rodgers.
SUSIE HALFORD, (*Squire Halford's daughter*).....Myrtie White.
MARY BROWN, (*the farmer's daughter*).....Ida Hill.
LITTLE EDNA, (*Frank Brown's daughter*).....Jennie Dunn.

—o—

TIME OF PERFORMANCE—ONE AND THREE-FOURTHS HOURS.

—o—

COSTUMES—MODERN.

TMP 96-007236

Driven from Home: or, A Father's Curse.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—Apartment in Farmer Brown's house—well furnished. Books, magazines, etc., on table. At rise of curtain a vivid flash of lightning followed by thunder, wind and rain.

Enter John Brown, L.

Brown. What a terrible storm this is. It will cause a fearful damage to my crops, but pshaw, I can't bother my mind now about crops, I have a more serious matter to think about. Frank has always been a good boy to me, and I can not bear the thought of turning him from home. It is hard to think it was him who stole my money; besides he will not admit that he did. Jim Bradley has been making a confidant of him, and that is the way it has come about, and I will not knowingly harbor a thief beneath my roof. So if he will be a thief, then he must take the consequences. Peggy hangs by him, and tells him she does not believe it, and so does Mary.

Enter Ned, L. 2 E. (storm, etc.)

Ned. Jes' so John. He's got to go has he?

Brown. Yes, unless he admits that he stole the money.

Ned. Out in this storm?

Brown. Yes, out in the storm, for I shall not keep a thief in my house. But Frank won't leave here. He'll admit that he took the money.

Ned. Jes' so John; but you'll find Frank is not the boy you take him to be. He ain't a goin' to say that he took the money, when he would belyin' right out an' out. He ain't the feller that stole that money, John, an you'll it find out. If you'll let me take the boy, I'll bring him out all right, an' I'll make a man of him that you will feel proud of; I want him, an' I'll look after him more closely than does his own father, an——

Brown. It's no use Ned, I've made up my mind, and I'm not the man to give in to your foolish notions. Frank stole that money and must suffer the penalty.

Ned. (storm) Jes' so. You'll find out soon who stole the money, an' then you'll be sorry that you accused your own flesh an' blood. Look at him John in imagination, picture to yourself, seeing him out in this storm wandering around without a cent in his pocket, dying of hunger and no shelter, and placed in that position by the hand of John Brown, the honest farmer. Oh, John, how can you think of it?

Brown. Oh, Ned, don't talk so, you drive me wild. I can't bear it. *(lightning, etc)* Oh, this is terrible! Leave me Ned!

Ned. (*aside*) Wa'al I swow, I guess he'll come round all right. (*aloud*) Jes' so John, I'll leave ye. (*exit L.*)

Brown. Why, do they all persecute me with such talk! I know what I'm doing, and I don't want them to interfere with me—Frank will own it, he'll never leave home. If he won't admit it, then God only knows what agony I shall suffer, to turn him from home, bearing a father's curse. I can't bear the thought of it. (*storm—exit L. 2 E.*)

Enter Mary and Frank, R. 2 E.

Frank. No, Mary it is no use—I can never admit that I stole the money. I cannot confess to a falsehood, even to stay under this roof. I do not blame father for his course, because I was out late last night, which would leave good grounds for suspicion. Ned is acting the part of a dear friend to me, and he tells me that father thinks I will admit it, but he will be very much surprised when he accuses me. Heaven knows I did not take the money. Father thinks that I was the confederate of Jim Bradley; but you know Mary that Jim is angry with me, he has been so ever since that time, when I formed the acquaintance of Susie Halford. No, Mary I could never stay in this house with his bitter curse over my head.

Mary. Well Frank, I cannot blame you, I know you did not do it, yet I cannot convince father of it. (*lightning and thunder.*)

Frank. Heaven bless you, Mary, for those words, and also Mother. I feel that I can now brave even this great storm raging so furiously without.

Mary. Frank, the blessings of both of us will go with you, and better, nobler than all are those of Ned Blackmar.

Frank. (*takes her hand*) Mary, I shall not want for the blessings, but the work is lacking; it will be hard to obtain employment under circumstances like my own. No one will take me in, because they not believe my story.

Mary. (*thunder, etc.*) I should not tell them the circumstances of my leaving home, Frank.

Frank. No, Mary, that would not be right, for then if they ever should learn the truth, I should be discharged, while if they took me knowing my story, I should be sure of keeping my place. Come, Mary, let us go out upon the portico, and watch the storm. The wild commotion of the elements are fit companions for the still fiercer storms within my brain.

(*as they exit R., thunder, lightning, wind and rain*)

Enter, Ned L. 1 E., followed by Mrs. Brown.

Ned. Wa'al Peggy, I don't think we can do anything with him. He's got his mind set and will not change it.

Mrs. B. Then Ned, all that remains is for you to capture the real culprit. If you can only do it before Frank leaves.

Ned. Jes' so, Peggy, I'll do what I can, but it ain't a goin' to do us no good. It may be months before we can get proof enough to convict Jim Bradley. I'll go, and report to you as soon as I learn anything of importance. (*exit L. 1 E., thunder etc.*)

Enter, Mary R.

Mary. Oh, Mother, how can we spare Frank! He cannot bear the thought of leaving home. How I wish that something could be done. (*aside*) If I could only impart the secret that is gnawing my very vitals away—but no, if I do I shall be killed.

Mrs. B. No, Mary, nothing can be done. We have tried in every way, with no effect.

Enter, Brown, L. 2 E.

Frank. I cannot rest a moment! I shall have to go away—the longer I

DRIVEN FROM HOME.

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remain, the worse it is for me, and all of you. I know father, and I know his temper well enough to know that his mind is made up.

Enter, Brown, L. 2 E.

Brown. Well, have you concluded to admit that you stole the money? I have said that I would not harbor a thief under my roof, but if you will confess you may stay here on the promise that you'll do so no more.

Frank. No father, that I cannot do. Do not ask me to tell a falsehood, that would be as bad as to do the deed itself.

Brown. Zounds! I will not listen to you, deceitful dog that you are. I ask you once more, did you take the money from my desk.

Frank. My answer, father, is simply no.

Brown. Then leave my house and never more darken my door. Go! I say, and bear with you a father's bitter curse. *(thunder, etc.)*

Frank. (aside) Out into the cold proud world. *(aloud)* Yes, I go. That last was more than I can bear. I forgive you, father. *(exit L. 2 E.)*

Brown. (sitting down when Frank goes out) There, it's done! "'Tis hard when love and duty clash," but 'twas right that he should go, and he shall never darken my door again until he owns the truth.

Mary. Oh! father, father! *(buries her face in her hands)*

Mrs B. Oh! John how could you? *(weeping)*

Brown. Not a word. The boy has only begun to suffer for the sin he has committed.

Mrs B. Oh! John, don't talk so.

Brown. Then don't persecute me with your talk. Had he confessed, he might have remained. You would not be in sorrow, and I would have been spared the most unpleasant duty of my life. *(exit, L.)*

Mary. Poor Frank. He may die to-night, nearly frantic as he is, and—*(terrible thunder and lightning—shudders)* Mercy, how that made me shudder to see that bright flash and that awful roar.

Mrs B. Let us go to our rooms, Mary, and there upon our knees humbly pray to the great Father that he will watch over, guard and protect our loved one. *(exeunt, R. 1 E.)*

Enter, Ned Blackmar, L. 2 E.

Ned. Jes't so, Blackie. Frank's gone, has he? Well, I can see it, and the life of this whole family is gone with him; because he takes with him the life of Mary. Well, Aunt Peggy's no slouch; but if I wanted a cap, I'd take Frank; he's the best fit. There was a time when I'd a gi'n a good deal for that boy; but John wouldn't consent to me takin' him, an' I wouldn't take him without his consent. Wa'al I swow, if Jim Bradley ain't my man afore to-morrow night, then my name ain't Ned Blackmar. He'll soon peep through the winder over to Waupun with the iron bars across it. I'll be with him to night, and fix up a racket fur his ribs. That little game that he played on Frank, will be about the last one he'll play around here. This Yankee is one of the specials up to New York. I'll not stay here any longer, perhaps by going down town I may meet him—have a little promenade with him, I'll give him away, and see him git away with this Yank from the city, I'm jest itching to mash that feller. *(exit R. change to*

SCENE SECOND.—Street.

Enter Ned, R.

Ned. Wa'al here I am, I thought I saw Jim Bradley coming around the corner, *(looking L.)* and I was right tew: Here he is now.

DRIVEN FROM HOME.

Enter Jim, L.

Ned. Heow de dew Jim.

Jim. Oh, I'm fine, how is it with yourself?

Ned. (*confidentially*) Say Jim, I know a bully place for a swag to-night. It's down at Brown's. The old man borrowed three hundred dollars more to-day; it's in the same place as where you made your haul—it's a bully place if you want to go in.

Jim. Of course I do Ned; but wasn't that other haul a good one, I come that fine on old Brown, an' best of all, I had a grudge on Frank.

Ned. (*aside*) The rascal. (*aloud*) Wa'al wan't it though, ye did come that fine an' no mistake. Give us yer paw! Shake!

(*Ned squeezes his hand, and he winces*)

Jim. What are ye trying to do with my hand?

Ned. Wa'al nothing at all. (*aside*) I've got this thing down pretty fine so I'm all prepared to take him in. (*aloud*) Wa'al come on Jim; where's yer tools.

Jim. Right down here a ways.

Ned. Wa'al, I guess ye won't need 'em Jim—(*points revolver in his face*)—because I want to use ye for the present, so come with me.

Jim. (*suddenly seizes Ned's revolver, and after a struggle, forces him upon one knee, pointing his own revolver at him*) Not so fast my friend, I have the drop on you now—do not dare to move till I am out of your sight. (*backs off stage L. with his revolver pointed at Ned.*)

Ned. Wa'al, I swow he has beat me, but I'll never give up till I have him behind the bars. (*exit R.*)

SCENE THIRD.—*Squire Halford's banking house. Desk, furniture, etc. Squire discovered at table, L. writing, as the scene opens.*

Squire. This day's work is a tedious one, and I am greatly in need of assistance, but it is difficult to tell an honest man from a dishonest one now-a-days; I have a method however, which I think will not fail.

Enter Jim Bradley, disguised R.

Jim. I see by the paper that you are in need of help, and I'm greatly in need of a situation. (*aside*) If I can only get in with the old gentleman.

Squire. So you are in need of a situation? Well, I'll give you a trial—you may answer this letter for me as you think it should be, and if any one calls for me, tell them that I will be in soon.

Jim. I'll do my best to please you. (*exit Squire, C.—as he lifts paper to write, he discovers a piece of money*) Hello! A haul the first thing! (*writing, and talking slowly*) It will be an easy job to shorten his pile. I believe I saw Frank Brown, below here to-day; I wonder what he's been doing the past two months, and I wonder where Blackmar is—I haven't seen him since I had that tussle with him, and escaped his clutches. I wonder if I can get in with Susie Halford again? She's the loveliest girl I have ever met. (*finishes his letter*) The Squire couldn't have suspected me—I hope not, for I am afraid I might get into trouble.

Enter Squire, C.

Squire. Ah, you have finished have you? (*takes letter, and reads*) You will not do Mr.—your copying is not first class.

Jim. I am very sorry Squire, that I cannot give you satisfaction. (*aside*) I will to-night though. (*aloud*) Good-day Squire. (*exit C.*)

Squire. I'll leave some more money under the paper, because I am liable to have another applicant before long, It is safer to lose a dollar, than to have a dishonest clerk.

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Enter Frank, c., looks pale.

Frank. Squire Halford, I believe?

Squire. That is my name, yes sir. Can I do anything for you?

Frank. Yes sir, if you only will. I am without employment, and have been without food for two days. If you will only give me something to do, I shall feel greatly your debtor.

Squire. Have you any recommendation?

Frank. I have no recommendation, except to say that I was sent here by David Jackson, of New York; but I will tell you my story, for I feel that you will not drive me out, when you hear all.

Squire. Perhaps! Go on with your story, Mr.—

Frank. Brown—my name is Frank Brown. About two months ago, my father's house was broken into, and about three hundred dollars was stolen. He accused me of the theft, from the fact that I had been out later that evening than usual. He said that he had always supposed me honest—he tried to force me to say that I stole the money. This I could not do—for that reason I was driven from home.

Squire. Well, Frank, I must confess that your story is quite remarkable; but why did you not say that you stole the money?

Frank. I would not tell a falsehood, even though I forfeited the privilege of living under his roof—with his bitter curse over my head.

Squire. You may have a trial; you may copy this bill and show it to me on my return. I have a little business to transact, I hope when I return to find your work well done. *(exit c.)*

Frank. Now I am at work again. What is it about his name that seems so familiar? Oh, yes; my Susie, of long ago. Can it be that she is a relative of his? Let me see—yes this is the place where she lived. I wonder if she is here. What would father say if he could see me in such a cozy place. Surely he would not begrudge it to me—and mother and Mary, I know they would rejoice, if they could see me, and Ned Blackmar, I wonder where he is! I wonder if they have ever caught the burglar, that broke into their house yet?

Enter Susie, c.

Susie. *(advances to his side)* Oh, Frank, what are you doing here?

Frank. Why, Susie, I wouldn't have known you! How you have changed! I never dreamed of seeing you here. I am copying for Squire Halford.

Susie. My father!

Frank. Your father? Why, I thought your father was a poor man, Susie.

Susie. Yes, he was not well off at the time we became acquainted.

Frank. Is that the reason Susie, that you have never answered my letters when I had written to you so appealingly?

Susie. Forgive me Frank, I will tell you all. It was about this time three years ago, a young gentleman, so he called himself, endeavored to form my acquaintance. On finding out his real character, I could not encourage him. After that he intercepted every letter written to me by any one. His name is Bradley—James Bradley. Perhaps you have heard of him?

Frank. Yes, Susie, I know him, only too well. He is the cause of my being here, and the cause of my being driven from home, out of revenge.

Susie. I saw an account of your father's house being robbed, and of the burglar finally being caught, and of his escape. He told on the witness stand of intercepting letters, and it proved to be this same James Bradley. But I must go and find papa. *(exit L. 1 E.)*

Frank. Strange fate, that has brought us two together again. May nothing again separate us as before.

Enter Squire, c.

Squire. Ah, idle are you?

DRIVEN FROM HOME.

Frank. Yes, sir; because the work you laid out for me, is finished. Did you miss anything in the way of money, Mr. Halford?

Squire. Why do you ask?

Frank. I found quite a sum on the table—and have the pleasure of returning it to you. *(brinding it to him.)*

Squire. Thanks. I guess that you will do. No doubt we can agree as to wages. You may stop now, and we will go to tea.

(exit c., followed by Frank.)

Enter Jim Bradley stealthily, followed by Ned Blackmar unseen by Bradley.

Jim. Well, I'm in, and now for the safe. *(sees pocket-book on table, which has been left by Squire Halford)* Ah, a pocket-book—and well filled, I'll take care of it. *(puts it in his pocket)* First, I must take an impression of the key, and then be off—and to-night I'll play one more card for Frank Brown. I think this game will settle young Brown, unless Sue Halford, comes to his aid, and then poor Frank Brown will be out of my way.

(takes key and exit R. 3 E.)

Ned. So he's gone to take an impression eh, an' he'll be here to-night. Wa'al neow; I'll jes' happen around at the appointed time. Yes Jim, I'll be here to help you to Sing Sing—so don't fail to be on hand. There's going to be some fun to-night, an' I'm goin' to have a hand in it. Jim is working alone in this buisness, so gets all the cash, an' no one to squeal on him; but when he gets Ned Blackmar on his track, he's got the wrong man. Jim has got away with a good many detectives, but here's one that is noted for being the sharpest of the gang. It's funny that some one don't get around—but Halford ain't as spry as he used to be.

Enter Susie, c.

Susie. Ah, Mr. Blackmar, you here? Why, I just unlocked the outside door.

Ned. Wa'al Miss, I saw the window up, an' I thought I saw some one in here, so I climbed in.

Susie. Indeed; but was there anyone here?

Ned. Wa'al neow Miss Susie, that's hard to answer—jes' spos'n ye give us an easier one.

Susie. Ah, Ned your teasing me. But I guess nothing serious has occurred, or you would have told me—something is going to occur though Ned, you may depend upon it.

Enter Squire and Frank, c.

Squire. Well Ned, you and Sue seem to have been enjoying yourselves during our absence. *(exit Susie c.)*

Ned. Jes' so Squire, but I must be off, I've got a job on hand. *(exit c.)*

Frank. I feel much better for my supper Mr. Halford, I think that I can work to better advantage now.

Squire. *(goes to table and discovers pocket-book gone)* What! My money gone? I surely left it here when I went to tea, and now it is gone, and you thief have stolen it. *(addressing Frank.)*

Frank. Oh, Mr. Halford!

Squire. It's no use to talk to me. I was a fool for ever taking you—you may go—I have no further use for you. Go!

Squire points toward door, while Frank slowly moves towards it. Scene changes to.

SCENE FOURTH.—Street.

Enter Frank, L. 1 E.

Frank. Once more I am driven out into the world. This time not driven

from home, but from employment. (*looks R.*) Oh, heavens, he here! I must conceal myself. (*retires L.*)

Enter Jim Bradley, R. 1 E.

Jim. Well, I've been making good progress, and I guess that this key will do the work. Soon Squire Halford, you'll be a poor man, and Jim Bradley rich; Frank Brown behind the bars, and Jim Bradley free. Keep your eyes open old boy.

Frank. (aside) That I'll do Jim Bradley.

Jim. Keep your eyes open and look out for tricks. (*exit R. 1 E.*)

Frank. Now, Squire Halford what will you say when I unfold this plan to you. I'll at once find Ned, and let him into the secret, and then for Squire Halford. Hello, there's Ned now.

Enter Ned, L. 1 E.

Frank. You are just in time—Jim Bradley has this moment started up town, where he is going to rob Squire Halford's safe, and we must catch him.

Ned. Oh, yeou don't say! Wa'al I'd like one more chance at the feller, and I don't think he'll escape the second time. Come along. (*excunt R. 1 E.*)

SCENE FIFTH.—Banking house of Squire Halford as before.

Enter Ned and Squire, L. Jim Bradley at work at safe, back towards the audience.

Ned. (aside to Squire) Ah, he's at it.

Squire. (aside to Ned) Stop him, don't let him open the safe!

Ned. Jes' so Squire. (*draws revolver and shoots once into the air, and Jim suddenly stops work, turning quickly around, Ned points revolver at him*) Wa'al neow Jim, ye might jes' as well conclude to surrender—we've got ye this time. Ye can't leave the swag alone can ye?

Jim. Curse you Ned Blackmar.

Ned. Wa'al neow Jim, ye might jes' as well spare that eussin' till you're on the road to Sing Sing. (*to Squire*) I've got a nice little surprise party for this feller, just outside. (*steps to door calls, and Policeman enters—to Policeman*) Here, take this feller and see that he is well eared for.

(*exit Jim and Policeman.*)

Squire. Well Ned, you have captured him at last. If it had not been for you, my safe would have been opened, and I should have lost a large sum of money. But how about Frank, was he not in the plot? Tell me to whom am I indebted for information.

Enter Frank, L., unseen by Squire Halford.

Ned. Wa'al Squire, I'll tell ye, but I've got a story to tell ye first. It is this—to-day ye lost a pocket-book, (*Squire nods*) and accused Frank Brown of stealin' it, didn't you? (*Squire nods*) Wa'al that boy is as innoeent, as you or I. It was that boy that informed me, and that burglar that stole your pocket-book.

Squire. And Frank now is——

Frank. Here, driven back again by the want of work, and a place to lay my head to-night.

Squire. Well Frank, you shall resume your former place to-morrow, and the best room in my house will be at your disposal.

Ned. Jes' so Squire, ye've got a sound head on ye.

Frank. Thank you, sir! I shall do all that is in my power to merit your approbation, and be worthy of the confidence placed in me.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—Banking house as before—Squire Halford, and Ned Blackmar discovered.

Ned. Jes' so Squire—but I don't want Frank to go, until Jim Bradley is in Sing Sing.

Squire. Wa'al Ned, I would like to have him stay, for I am beginning to think that there is no one like him. He is a good honest boy, does not drink, gamble, smoke or swear, and goes to Sabbath-school every Sunday—and only yesterday, he saved the life of my daughter, for which I have prepared these tokens. (*shows check and medal*) I still owe him for the other affair.

Enter Frank, c.

Frank. Good morning Ned; I hope we're not going to have any more trouble.

Ned. Well we are, and you can depend upon it—there is fun in the wind, and don't you forget it.

Frank. Don't tease me Ned. Well, I must get to work; but tell me, is there danger?

Ned. You will find out in time. (*to Squire*) There's nothing lazy about Frank. He's as good to his employer as to himself.

Squire. I am glad to learn that. (*to Frank*) Frank, I have a little present here to make you. (*hands him medal and check.*)

Frank. I cannot accept of them, Mr. Halford, for so slight a service.

Squire. Do not talk so—it was not a slight service. Take this medal, Frank, and remember that you once saved the life of Squire Halford's daughter, and the money you can use to the best advantage for yourself.

Frank. But, Mr. Halford, there is a greater favor that I would ask. It is your daughter, herself, that I would have—I have her consent, I await yours.

Squire. (*displaying emotion*) Take her Frank, and may heaven bless you both.

Frank. Thanks, Mr. Halford—I will be worthy of your confidence. Excuse me Ned, I am intruding on your time.

Squire. (*laughing*) You may go now, and enjoy yourself to-day, as you wish to talk with Ned. (*exit Frank, c*)

Ned. Wa'al, I swow, the boy's got the check.

Squire. The boy proves himself a man in whatever position he is placed, and I have full faith in his future.

Ned. Jes' so, Squire—I knew ye'd like him when ye found out what he was made of.

Squire. Yes Ned; but now I want your counsel. I have lately purchased some shares in a gold mine, and I find there is some fraud. You are a detective, and I want you to find where the leak is—I know I am being swindled, and have some clue of the culprit. You are the one to unmask, and bring to justice, the one who has defied detection, and has carried on a systematic swindling game, for some years.

Ned. Wa'al Judge, that is pretty deep water for me, and I am afraid you will have to employ some one more competent.

Squire. Not at all, Ned, I am sure you can do this job, and I will trust it in no other hands. Several detectives have tried and failed. There seems to be a large ring, and so far they have succeeded in baffling all attempts to unearth them—but I think you will not fail.

Ned. Well, Squire, I don't know—if you desire, I'll dew my best.

Enter Susie, c. very pale.

Susie. Father, will you not go or send for a physician. Frank has suddenly been taken ill upon the street, I met him as I came along, and they are taking him to the house.

Squire. Mr. Blackmar—will you not go at once for our doctor, while myself and Susie will go at once to the house.

Ned. Certainly Squire—anything I can do for that 'ere boy I'll dew most willingly.

Squire. Come Susie, we will go at once.

(*exit R. 1 E.*)

(*exit c. changed to*

SCENE SECOND.—Street.

Enter Ned, L.

Ned. I hope nothing will happen serious to Frank. He's jes' beginning to get a start in the world agin, and if he has good luck, he'll make his mark in the world, and his old father will live to be ashamed of his treatment of him. But Jerusalem, I mustn't stand here—he may be dying for the want of a doctor. Ned, don't ye let grass grow under your feet—hurry up!

(*exit R. 1 E. change to*

SCENE THIRD.—Showing bed-room, Frank on couch, and Ned by his side.

Frank. Oh, the storm! The cruel storm! How it beats in my face! (*starting up*) Oh, father how could you?

Ned. (*soothingly*) There, Frank, lie down, and try to sleep. Poor boy, he wanders—I wonder what could have made him ill so suddenly. He rescued Susie from drowning—perhaps it is from the exposure. Hardly possible that it was anything else.

Frank. (*raving again*) Oh, Susie, come to me—oh, she is drowning—will no one help her—let me go—let me go, I say! Oh, she is drowning, and no one will help her—Ned I will tell you what it was—the ring—see it's coiling around my finger. Ah, there is Mother and Mary—they want me—oh, let them come in—they were certain that I was innocent—I want to see them so much. Oh, they are torturing me—see they come—oh, I am being torn in pieces—call him back—I will not do so base a thing.

Enter Squire Halford, and Susie. .

Squire. How is he now, Ned?

Ned. Hush—he is dozing.

Frank. (*starting up*) I shall die in this storm, I can scarcely endure it. (*recognizing Susie*) Oh, Susie, why did you leave me? (*Susie buries her face in her hands*) You have returned too late—I am going to leave you now—I wanted to tell you how I love you—but too late—I am dying. Good-bye, Susie.

(*falls back.*

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—Churchyard.

Enter Jim Bradley, R.

Jim. Well, Frank Brown is finished at last. He was laid away in the vault to-day, and to-morrow it will be sealed.

Enter Squire and Susie, L. unseen.

Jim. What a fortunate thing it would be for them, to go and remove him from his coffin now—they'd find him as lively as ever. By hokey, that Suke Halford, was dead gone on him. Well, he was a good fellow, that's a fact. That racket worked to a charm. That ring was the finest dia-

DRIVEN FROM HOME.

mond! Ha! ha! ha! I don't think I will want to touch him again, for some time. I swore that I would put him out of the way, and have done it, to the great satisfaction of myself. Hallo, some one is coming—I'll just put myself out of the way, until they pass. *(exit R.)*

Enter Squire and Susie, L., advancing.

Squire. Yes, Susie, Frank was an honest boy, and I hated to part with him on account of the great service he has rendered us, besides he seemed more like a son than a clerk.

Susie. Yes, papa, a nobler, better man than he never lived. *(aside)* Can it be possible that what that man said is true, I will ascertain at once. *(aloud)* Come papa. *(they exit R.)*

Enter Ned, L.

Ned. Well, Bradley, I overheard your remarks, and will see about it presently. So it was a poisoned ring that took poor Frank off was it, and he is only in a trance, eh! Oh, yes my fine fellow, we will make it all O. K., or my name isn't Ned Blackmar. But I must go and get the Squire to help me rescue the noble boy. *(exit L.)*

Re-enter Jim Bradley, L.

Jim. I must be out of this country, while there is yet a chance. If the gang should get wind of this, my neck wouldn't be worth an old nickel. Hallo, some one is working at that vault—blast my eyes, if it ain't that girl—she is trying to open it as sure's my name is Jim Bradley; I must put a stop to that. *(starts to go off R.)*

Susie. (outside) Hold! Jim Bradley, advance one step, and down you go.

Jim. Hum! I ain't afraid of no female.

(starts, and Susie shoots him dead.)

Enter Squire and Ned, L.

Squire. (excitedly) Come, Ned, some one is being murdered.

Ned. Jim Bradley, by the great hornspoon, and shot. I wonder who did the plugging. *(stoops to examine the body.)*

Enter Frank very pale in black clothes, supported by Susie.

Susie. (talking hurriedly) Father, Ned, here is Frank, safe and well. It was true that he was only in a trance, and as soon as the coffin lid was raised, he came to himself, and was apparently as well as ever in a few moments.

Squire. (shaking his hand) Frank, thank heaven, she was in time.

(embrace as scene changes.)

SCENE SECOND.—Apartment at the residence of Squire Halford.

Enter Squire Halford, reading letter.

Squire. (reading)

NEW YORK, JUNE 1st.

Halford, Banker:

The Mr. Blackmar, who is at your place, is not a detective on the regular force, as you suppose, but is the President of this bank—nor is he a Yankee. He was a former chief of the detective force, and is now out taking the role of a detective, while he gains his health. Please treat him as a brother banker while with you.

And oblige,

BERT BRIGGS, Cashier.

Well, I supposed all the time that he was not a Yankee.

Enter Ned, Frank, and Susie, L.

Frank. Susie. (*taking both her hands in his*) How can I ever repay you for coming to my aid?

Susie. Remember, Frank, that poor drowning girl out on the lake; or have you forgotten that scene?

Frank. No, Susie, I can never forget it. That scene has been impressed on my memory to remain until the end of life.

Susie. Let us say no more about it.

Frank. Susie has consented to be my wife, I only ask your sanction.

Squire. Which you have, with a father's blessing for your future happiness.

Frank. Thank you, and I have desired an early wedding day.

Squire. You have also my consent to that. You have been faithful to my interest, and a hard worker, so go. You had better make your parents a visit then, whenever you please—finally home again, when half of my business is at your disposal—how does that suit you?

Ned. Wa'al, Squire, that don't suit at all—I don't want him to go home until we get this other difficulty straightened out.

Squire. Well, then my next plan is for them to take a tour around the world.

Susie. (*to Squire*) Oh, papa, you knew that would just suit me. (*to Frank*) And oh, how happy we will be, visiting those famous places in the Old World.

Squire. Bless you my children, may yours be a happy road through life.
(*stands with hands uplifted*)

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE FIRST.—*John Brown's cottage interior. Farmer Brown, discovered seated L. C., with newspaper, reading—eight years are supposed to have passed between acts third and fourth.*

Brown. I've just been thinking of driving Frank from home eight years ago—It always brings back to me his words, "I forgive you father," and Heaven knows, that I wish he were only here to say those words again, that I might know it. What a load it would take from my mind—I often wonder if he will ever come back to me. I have not had one word from him since that memorable time, except from the papers. I would give my whole farm to see him, and ask him to forgive me, once again. If Mary had only told the secret that she knew, he would have been here now. She saw Jim when he broke in; but he warned her, that if she ever opened her mouth, that he would kill her; for that reason she never dared to reveal what she knew. I often think that he will come back—Mary and Peggy, both think so, and when they say a thing I have found by experience it generally turns out as they say. I saw in the last paper that I received from Halford, that Frank had left China for the United States, but have never heard of him reaching port.

Enter Mrs. Brown, R.

Peggy. Come father, lay aside your paper and talk. You know Ned—that is, David Jackson—it always comes so natural to call him Ned—and Mary will be here to-day.

Brown. So the letter said. I hope they will arrive on the early train; but the paper is very interesting this week wife. Here is what the Reporter says of the convention. (*takes paper and reads*) "The convention took

a turn to-day. At the one hundred and sixty-fourth ballot, David Jackson arose and presented the name of Frank Brown, for——"

Peggy. Why, John, that must be our Frank!

Brown. No, Peggy, we can lay no claim to him—for he had been driven from home. Well, I'll go on. (*reads*) "Formerly in the employ of Squire Halford, the rich banker, but at present of the firm of Brown and Halford. The Squire took up the cry and formally presented his name in a very touching speech, and he was nominated on the next ballot, being the one hundred and sixty-fifth, 'Mr.——'"

Peggy. So he's nominated for governor, and Mrs. Frank Brown, will be the presiding lady of the Governor's mansion.

Brown. Not till he is elected—he might be beaten. (*reads*) "Mr. Brown is we understand, a young man of great talent, good habits, farmer born, but a thorough business man. Years ago, his name became known throughout the state, through saving the life of a young lady, who now is his wife. Mr. Jackson in his speech, says that if he is brave enough to go to the middle of the lake after a drowning girl, while at least two hundred others stand on the bank, not daring to venture, he is brave enough to be placed at the head of this proud state. Mr. Brown in his acceptance, told a story of himself and seemed greatly moved. He is a splendid speaker, and we have no doubt but that he will be elected by a large majority." That's a pretty good send off for him ain't it Peggy.

Peggy. Yes, but here comes David and Mary.

Enter David and Mary, L.

Brown. How do you do Dave, and you Mary. (*kisses her.*

Peggy. Oh, Mary, my daughter—back once more. How do you do, David, I am very glad to see you. (*general hand shaking, bustle of arrival, etc.*

Mary. Oh, how happy I am to be home again. Are you well father?

Brown. Just as well as common, Mary—and very glad to see you. Well, Jackson, how has the world used you—up to any more of your detective jobs? Ha! Ha! That was a good one, when you come down and sold all of us so easily. (*sighs*)

Ned. Yes, that was a fortunate trip of mine, and brings to mind a little matter I wish to speak of—you remember eight years ago, on a wild stormy night.

Brown. Yes, yes—I remember it, I shall never forget it; it has haunted me night and day since—but don't speak of it, I cannot bear it even now—my noble boy, I cannot expect that he will ever re-visit his old home, but say no more—I cannot bear it.

Ned. But I must speak; I came here to speak about this matter. If he returns, will he be welcome?

Brown. Welcome! Welcome! why I would give everything I possess to see that boy again; but he will never come, I know it—he is too proud. Oh, my noble boy—why was I so hasty? I— (*knock at door.*

Ned. (*aside*) The deuce! They can't be here yet, it would completely upset the old gentleman.

While he speaks, Peggy goes to the door and admits, Squire Halford, R.

Peggy. Good afternoon, sir, will you walk in?

Ned. Squire Halford. How do you do Squire. (*shaking hands*) Mrs. Brown, allow me to make you acquainted with my old friend, Squire Halford, whom you doubtless know by reputation.

Peggy. (*displays agitation*) Mr. Halford, you are doubly welcome here—my boy— (*breaks down, and hastily crosses the stage to L.*

Ned. Mr. Brown, this is my esteemed friend, Squire Halford, he who befriended Frank.

Brown. (*shaking hands, voice husky*) Mr. Halford, I thank you for this visit—all mention of my lost son gives me pain, and I am very grateful to

you for your kindness to him, when he was—driven from home by his own father, more so than words can express. Excuse my emotion, sir, I see the error now that it is too late.

Squire. But perhaps it is not too late. I came down to visit you to-day, when all the family will be together again. We are to have a happy re-union, Frank will be present to make his old father happy.

Brown. Wife! Wife! Do you hear what Mr. Halford says? Frank is coming home.

Peggy. Can it be possible that our son is really coming home?

Squire. He is Mrs. Brown, and I am as happy over it as you are.

Mary. Yes, mother, husband and I came down here to see him, and take part in the re-union, and he is to bring Susie with him, I know I shall like her, but we have a surprise in store for you—oh, I must not tell.

Peggy. What does the child mean? She is so excited over being at home once more. (*Dave and Brown, conversing at window, but not to be heard*) Excuse me Mr. Halford, you have been standing here all this time. (*brings chair*) We are all in a flutter over the news you bring.

Brown. (*springs up*) Here they come! Here they come! (*all go to door.*)

Enter Frank and Susie, with a little girl about five years old, L.

Peggy. (*rushing into Frank's arms*) Oh, Frank, my boy. God be praised.

Frank. (*kissing her*) My own dear mother and father, how do you do.

Brown. (*taking his hand*) Frank, may God forgive me, for my past conduct—I hardly dare take your hand.

Frank. There father, say no more—let by-gones be by-gones. We are assembled here to-day for a happy time—so do not let a thought of the past, mar our happiness. (*turns to Mary, who has the little child in her arms*) And you dear sister. (*embraces kisses her—takes Susie's hand in his*) Father and mother, you see I have not only returned, but I bring with me another daughter, whom I know you will love, and Mary I am sure will love her as a sister.

Mary. That I will. (*kisses her.*)

Squire. Well, we are all here—so now we will turn over a new leaf, forget the past and begin again.

Ned. Before the leaf goes over—I want to endorse what the Squire has said, and give my hearty approval of what has passed this afternoon.

Frank. Come friends, over with the leaf.

Brown. (*stepping to front*) Before we turn this leaf, I have a few words to say. I am an old man now, but my heart feels young to-day. Happiness is good for all, it cheers the heart, puts the mind at rest, and lends a glow to the rugged pathway of life. I am not much of a speaker, but my heart is filled to overflowing with the happiness of this glorious day, and I must let it out. We have got our boy back, and all are happy once more. This re-union makes our circle complete, and this little fairy they have brought back—well I can't express it. But you friends, who have followed our poor attempts this evening, I am sure are all pleased with the ending, and each of you hope as I do when looking over this happy group, that all misunderstanding, and disagreements in this sinful world, may end as has a FATHER'S CURSE.

CURTAIN.

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